

Patricia Farm, R.R.I., Sidney, B.C..

4th October, 1945.

Dear Miss Parlow,

Your mother has just sent me such a sweet letter on your behalf, saying that you had received the apples and paying them such choice compliments that even those at home have taken a new shine! Blushing, I might say, with becoming modesty. I am so delighted they gave you pleasure. Charles was so proud of his apples, and well he might be, because when we came here not one fruit was untouched by disease, and now very few have any blemishes. The darling passed such happy hours in that beautiful place, our orchard.

You have written twice such charming letters, and I haven't answered them because I have no wish to burden your kindness with correspondence, - Lord, how much time it takes, and yet, how delightful it is, when one really sits down to it. I apologise for the typewriter, but, I have just put in a new ribbon and it is rather pleasant after the old one and I can't resist it.

Your mother says you are on a brief tour, - flying, lucky woman, - to the Atlantic Coast and roundabouts. How I wish you were coming this way! She also says that you are going to play for the Telephone Hour, beginning Monday for eight weeks, and that little Beautiful may sing for me perhaps once or twice. Oh, - what a joy! And how I shall watch for it! There's only one request, - please just in case it is a custom, I ask it at all, - may there be no description or any mention of names or publicity whatever. I am sure you will understand. I should like to listen by myself for the first few times anyhow, though I shall certainly tell all my friends to listen to the famous Miss Parlow, and hope that - in the strong words of our good friends below the border, - she has one hell of a good time herself. But Monday as ever is I shall be listening, and as I believe the Telephone hour here is at 6 Pacific S. Time, shall be sitting with the west in my eyes and looking out through the last of the sunset towards very happy lands beyond the seas. For my study faces west. Really, you must come here ~~xxx~~ while I am still here. How long that will be I cannot say, a year at least I hope. However, I have just bought two places, a house, and somenearby but not adjoining property at Elk Lake. I bought it almost sight unseen, but had given much thought to the choice for all that. Now I ~~xxx~~ find on going over it that I have I think beyond doubt quite the most beautiful view in the country, - and that is saying something brave and bold, and I might add that like Gen. Stillwell honeyed words don't drip easily from my lips, worse luck. In some ways it will remind you of the temple. Only, better come see for yourself.

If you really do play little Beautiful, I must tell you that I hope to get away to California for two weeks, not before the 25-6 of October, for many reasons including the Provincial Elections and the C.C.F.. Some-

where about there. I will let you know, - I would put off going, but go I must this Autumn, and that is the best time.

I am anxiously waiting for a cable for Shanghai telling me that Juliet's friend, Edith Ramsey is safe and on her way here. She is such a dear, a wild red-headed Irish woman who has the softest heart in the world for the beasties and the most rotten luck in the world for herself. Her little boy, Peter, was killed in France in 1940.

My kind regards to your sweet mother, and to you my very affectionate respect.

Felix Laune

P.S. At last I've collected so of little Beautiful "tung-shis"
and will send them along in due course. *HL*